

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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For Our Dumb Animals.

OUR SULTAN.

A TRUE STORY, BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

SULTAN, as he was well named, was a right royal watch-dog. His owner left him in care of Mr. D—; and all the D— family became so much attached to him, that when the owner returned to claim his dog, the children set up such a dismal outcry, and their parents looked so regretful, that, although fifty dollars could not have bought Sultan, his master freely resigned him to the ownership of his new friends.

Then, oh the shoutings, the rejoicings of that swarm of little D—s! And everybody else about the place was delighted; none more so than Sultan himself.

What a splendid fellow he was! He had his place at the table with the rest of the family, and nobody behaved with greater dignity and decorum than he.

Sultan needed no chair. Seated upon the floor, his head came up just where it ought to be at table. He was waited on with due attention; would have felt outraged indeed had not cake and pie been offered to him as well as to the others.

One day Sultan hurt himself and became very sick. His eyes grew red as blood, and he was evidently in agonies of pain. Mr. D—, who is a very nervous, timid man, charged everybody to keep away from the dog, as he was likely to go mad.

Mrs. D— immediately went out to the barn, into which the poor beast had been fastened. The men-

servants resisted her entrance, repeating her husband's orders.

"Out of my way," said Mrs. D—. "I will obey my husband in the Lord. This is *not* in the Lord. I mean to cure Sultan."

She sat down and watched him until she had concluded what was amiss, then went to the doctor for medicine.

"Let the beast *die*," said the doctor; "I don't know what to do for him. Besides, I wish he was dead. I'm afraid of him."

"So and so ails Sultan," persisted Mrs. D—; "do you give me just the medicine you would give to a human being thus ill, and tell me how to use it?"

She conquered, as is woman's way; and returning, mixed her medicine, and, making the men hold Sultan, who, by this time, was too weak to resist much, she gave him his first dose. The second dose he made no objection to. Seemed to have come to an understanding 'twas for his good. "Tis going to make Sully well," said his mistress; and the poor fellow gratefully licked her hand.

Well, she cured him, as she had said; and that dog—why, his gratitude and love towards Mrs. D— were without measure and without bounds. He nearly pounded his heavy tail off, and smashed every thing to jelly, saying, "How are you?" and other things with it, when she was anywhere near. And he contrived to be near sometimes on rather odd occasions. One night, when Mr. D— was away, Mrs. D— was startled by hearing heavy breathing beside her. Rising up to see what it meant, she found Sully, supported on the floor, but his shoulders on the bed, and his big head on her husband's pillow, sleeping the sleep of the just. * * *

He took very strong dislikes. There was a mask ball one evening at the D—'s. Among the guests were two disguised as thieves. These Sultan followed so closely that they could touch nothing. They did not have a very comfortable time with *their* masking; and that was not the end of it; for Sultan never could be made to respect or trust either of those gentlemen again. He would never allow them to come to the house unless some of the family were with them. One time Sully could not get to see his beloved mistress for a long while. At last her door was opened to him; and he joyfully entered. But at the sight of his mistress, all pale and propped up by pillows, he was amazed, and dared hardly approach her. She called him kindly, "Here, Sully, Sully! poor old fellow, come here." So he wagged that tail and advanced. But when he saw in Mrs. D—'s lap a baby, he gave her a look which no

words can express, and instantly turning, marched majestically from the room. It was some time before he would take the least notice of that babe, which he clearly considered as his rival. At length Mrs. D— called him to the cradle. "Now, Sully," said she, "no more of this nonsense. Come and see the baby. She is one of the family, and you must love and take care of *her* as you do all the rest of us." That settled it. Baby thenceforth was Sully's baby too. His great tongue lapped her whole face every chance it could get. Nobody could ever get the dog away from the house and grounds. He seemed to feel that he was responsible for the safety of every thing there, and leave he would not. One terribly dark night, — I think it was also stormy, — Saturday night, Mr. D— failed to arrive from the city at his usual time. The fact was, he somehow or another got left at the wrong station, five miles from home. He had no lantern. He must go by the railroad, with deep ditches on either side. It was not very agreeable. He had taken but a few steps forward, when some large, heavy body rushed against him, startling him not a little. Was it possible? Yes, indeed; there was the Sultan, five long miles from home, — come to hunt up the missing master. Glad enough was Mr. D— of the Sultan's company. It would make an article which would fill the paper, were I to attempt to write in full this good dog's history. Enough has been told to show that some dogs are far nobler than some men. Sully lies, now, in an honored grave, mourned over and never forgotten.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.—They never punish; hence a mule, that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes, in the possession of a Chinaman, as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads by means of a *turr-r* or *cluck-k*, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping, with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed, without the aid either from a yelping cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally caressed for. — *Travels on Horseback in Monchu Tartary.*

For Our Dumb Animals.

HOW A HORSE WAS SPOILED.

Some time since I was invited to purchase, at a low price, a young stallion of large size and singular beauty. Report said he was dangerously vicious, and I had authentic evidence of his having kicked more than one sulky to pieces. Failing to detect any signs of vice, I called on his breeder, and asked him what he knew of the colt's disposition.

Said he, "He is the best-tempered colt I ever knew. I bred him, and owned him till he was four years old, and he would always do any thing I asked him to do. I never struck him, and he never needed or deserved to be struck."

"But you have heard of his being vicious since you sold him?"

"Yes. I have heard some pretty hard stories about him, and have seen him severely whipped; but I always thought the horse had more sense than the owner, and I never yet saw him do wrong unless he was forced to it."

"Then what did his owner whip him for?"

"Oh! any thing or nothing. I really cannot tell." At that moment my horse, which I had left standing outside, walked up to the door, and looked in with a pleasant bow and a courteous neigh, that said, as plain as horse could speak, "God save you, my masters. I hope I don't intrude. I felt lonely, and have ventured to join you."

"There," said Mr. P., "now I can give you an idea what his owner used to whip the colt for. If he only looked in any wrong direction, the owner would fly at him and strike him; and if he had done what your horse has done, the colt would have had to take a quarter of an hour's pounding, and would have nearly had his jaw yanked off into the bargain."

What wonder that the horse was "vicious"?

At his owner's solicitation, I took him on trial, and had therefore an opportunity to see how effectually man's ignorance and cruelty had depreciated one of God's most admirable creations.

He was a beautiful black horse, sixteen hands high, weighing 1,100 lbs., with a fine intelligent face; a long, shapely neck; about the best shoulder I ever saw; big, muscular arms; clean, flat legs; well shaped feet; a strong, short back; good barrel, well ribbed up; good hips and rump; a good tail, well set on; thighs long and muscular; big hocks, well let down; and a glossy coat, infinitely more beautiful than any fabric of human manufacture.

In short, he was about as perfect a model of a horse as I ever saw, and I used to spend more time than I could afford looking at him.

His temper, too, was naturally as admirable as his form. He would always welcome my approach; never tired of caressing me, and would always show unmistakable regret at my departure. I could clean him without tying him up at all, creep in and out between his legs; and, if it would have served any useful purpose, I would have gone to sleep under his feet without fear of his hurting me.

He would follow me about like a dog; and, though green, was a pleasant saddle horse, and a gentle but free driver.

If excited, he was subject to paroxysms of fear, and then the way he would squeal and kick was a caution. In all this there was no malice: only a desperate impulse to free himself, and to repel the attack of an imaginary, but none the less frightful enemy. * * *

From being checked and jerked with cruel bits and chains, he had also acquired the unpleasant habit of snatching away his head while I was leading him; and, if hitched to a post, he would either break the halter or entangle his own limbs in his struggles to escape.

As he never made any use of liberty thus gained, but always waited quietly for me to secure him again, I could but regard his rushes as habitual and unpremeditated efforts to avoid punishment, which sad experience had taught him to expect, but of the reason and purport of which he was alike ignorant.

* * * * * And most, if not all, of this mischief was the result of one year's discipline by a professional horseman.

As Captain Cuttle would say, "the moral of my story lies in the application of it." * * *

BOZLEY HILL.

THE LOST BABY.

The little settlement of Cahokia was recently thrown into a terrible agitation by a report that the infant child of Mr. Francois Xavier Papin, a little girl thirteen months old, had been lost. The parents live about a mile from the centre of the settlement in a small frame house, in the rear of which is a frame building used as a wood-shed, etc. Mr. Papin was absent, and the mother was thus left alone with her only child. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning she left the child creeping about the yard and went up the road to the house of her nearest neighbor, distant about three hundred yards. She had no anxiety as to leaving the child alone, as it could only creep a little, and besides was in company of a black Newfoundland dog of unusual sagacity, and which was accustomed to guard the child jealously.

When Mrs. Papin had done her errand, she unexpectedly met a friend and engaged in conversation with her. Minutes passed by unnoticed, and it was fully half an hour after she left her house ere she recollects that the child was alone. She hurried homeward, found her worst beliefs realized. Her baby was gone.

The unhappy mother was almost crazed with anxiety, and ran hither and thither examining every nook and crevice of the premises. There was no brook near by, and the well was covered, so that it could not have fallen into the water. The next supposition was, that the child had been stolen by two men who had driven past the house; and one of the neighbors harnessed his horse and drove after the strangers, who were overtaken after a drive of two hours, but were not in possession of the child, and denied all knowledge of it. They had, they said, seen it in the yard as they drove past, and it was playing with a big black dog. They knew nothing more.

The dog seemed to indicate that it comprehended the situation and fully sympathized with its mistress in her affliction. It ran anxiously here and there, uttering sharp, appealing barks, and seemed desirous to be followed. Its unwonted actions were, however, attributed to excitement, and but little attention was paid to it. Thus matters went on till almost evening, when the neighbors reluctantly gave up the search and prepared to return home. Only our place remained unsearched; the low space between the floor of an adjoining building and the earth, about two and a half feet high. This was boarded up, but at one corner a board was removed to allow the dog to enter and go out. Here were her puppies, still blind, and before it was a dry ditch with sloping sides about eighteen inches deep. That the child should have crawled from the house to this out-building, a distance of some fifty or sixty yards, have passed the ditch, and squeezed through the low opening, appeared incredible. But such was the case; for when the first searcher tore away the boards to enlarge the aperture, he heard a low growl, and, looking in, saw "Jennie," the dog, lying there with three little puppies swarming up her sides; while sound asleep, with its little hands resting on the black skin of its protector, lay the lost child. In another moment it was in its mother's arms, almost devoured with kisses, while the dog lay gravely wagging its tail, and, by its sparkling eyes, showing its satisfaction.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

DRUNKARD'S DOG.—I once saw a striking instance of the faithfulness of this animal, near Central Park, where, on a pile of stone, lay a man seemingly lifeless from intoxication. Standing over him, and looking pitifully into his face, was a large Newfoundland dog. About twenty policemen and a hundred people were gathered around the scene. On making inquiry of a policeman, I found the dog would not allow them to approach within twenty feet of the man. "And," said my informer, "we cannot arrest the man unless we shoot the dog; and he is too noble an animal to kill." The police then threw several pails of water upon the dog, thinking this would drive him away from the spot, but the dog only nestled closer to his unworthy master.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

There is one religious association which it is hard to classify. It does not engage in foreign missions, or in preaching the gospel, or in forming churches; and yet it aims to promote that which God has set forth as a characteristic of a truly righteous man, and it certainly involves a mission to the heathen who are found in every part of our land: we refer to those who are guilty of abuse and cruelty toward our dumb animals. In view of such abounding cruelty, societies for the defence of their life and the promotion of their welfare are forming. We are told by God that a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast (Prov. xii. 10); and even God did not consider the welfare of the "much cattle" of Nineveh as unworthy of his benevolent regard. Hence the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is a truly Christian society. There are about two hundred agents in different parts of the State. The objects of the society are to see that there shall be adequate legislation to defend animals from cruel treatment, and that the laws shall be duly enforced. The amount of cruelty to animals that exists would painfully surprise any one who has not listened to a detail of facts from various quarters. The existence of a society, and of an agent to complain, operate often without the necessity of prosecution. Thus out of 104 complaints in Boston in July, 48 were settled without prosecution; and in the country, out of 181 complaints, 152 were remedied without prosecution. The example of Massachusetts is influencing other States; and there is need of it.

There is cruelty in overloading, overdriving, beating, torturing, driving sick or lame and galled horses, insufficient food, &c. Though all cruelty cannot be prevented, yet legislation, social action, and an enlightened public sentiment, can do much to remedy the evil. The Massachusetts Society publish a good monthly paper,—"Our Dumb Animals." We commend the cause to every Christian man. Nothing but ignorance or an unchristian spirit can produce indifference to it.—*Christian Union.*

INSTINCT OR REASON.—When H. W. Lawrence went with his family from Tilton, N. H., last December, to reside in Manchester, he left two favorite cats behind. The last of January, they were sent in a box, by express, from Tilton to the residence of his family in Manchester. Ten days afterwards one of the cats disappeared. On Wednesday last, Mr. Lawrence returned to his old residence in Tilton on a visit; and while there the lost favorite "turned up," lean, wild and hungry, at the old homestead. The journey from Manchester, hunting grub for six weeks under difficulties and homesickness, had produced "wear and tear," but the recognition was immediate and complete. Instinct, reason, or spirits? What was the guide or guideboard?

SOME years ago, a charcoal peddler, not far from Hartford, had a Newfoundland dog which he learned to jump into his basket and lie low while he filled in the charcoal. When the peddler carried the basket very full into the cellar, the purchaser, looking out of the window and checking the basket, was quite satisfied. The dog, well trained, walked out with his master, as if nothing had happened. The daughter of this old charcoal peddler spent several summers at Saratoga, during the war, with two large "solitaires" on her person.

Who says the dog was dishonest?

FELINE AFFECTION.—A cat was accidentally killed the other day by a dose of Paris green and chloroform. A curious circumstance occurred at his death. A female cat who, previous to Tom's illness, was extremely shy, came and lay down beside him, clasping her paws around his neck. In this position she remained until she was taken away. When she saw the cat's dead body, she set up a dismal caterwauling, which was only stopped by its removal from her sight.—*Hartford Times.*

For Our Dumb Animals.

PETER.

Peter is a cat,—a dignified, glossy black cat,—aged eight months. When he first blessed our house with his dark brilliancy, I took no special notice of him, only occasionally being reminded of his presence below stairs by an unearthly yell, when some person had placed a heavy foot or two on his tail. As time went on Mr. Peter crept up two or three of the stairs, and cosily twisted himself up into a little ball in one corner. The result is obvious,—a dozen times a day I heard a terrible yell from poor Peter, and a human voice added, *sotto voce*, "Well, you might get out of the way then." I nightly anticipated waking in the morning to learn that he was no more; but Peter has proved himself to be possessed of more than the proverbial number of lives, having this summer been violently ill, "nigh unto death," for two weeks, and then suddenly rising from his weakness to greater strength and interest. He has passed through his ordeal of sickness and foot-pressure to grow into as talented, original a cat as ever graced a lady's boudoir, albeit he is only a kitchen cat. * * * *

He took one day, from the table, a good-sized mutton-chop, and scampered with it, gravy flying in every direction, into the yard. Being unable to eat it on account of its clumsiness, he showed the innocence of his heart by bringing it back into the kitchen, and laying it at his mistress's feet, that she might cut it up for him. Peter's latest joke is this: One evening, toward dusk, his mistress placed his supper in a dish and took it into the yard, putting it down in the vicinity of a rat-hole. About fifteen minutes later she had occasion to visit the yard, when, to her astonishment, she espied Peter quietly eating his supper, with his right paw on the still warm but dead body of a rat. His great little mind had settled the fact, that the reward of a good supper should follow a deed of daring and address. Undisturbed in manner, he sat, holding his trophy while engaged in the peaceful act of self-refreshment. RUTH.

A DOG THAT IS WORTH SOMETHING.—A. B. Newman, assistant light-keeper at Mount Desert, is the owner of a fine Newfoundland dog, of whom we are told the following anecdote: Mr. Newman's little boy, nine years old, strayed away, and was missing for about two hours. The mother went out of doors and called to him, when the dog, in response, ran up from the shore with the boy's wet cap in his mouth, and signified by his actions that he desired her to follow him. The mother, alarmed, called the father, who was sleeping in the house, and they followed the dog as quickly as possible. Down by the shore, on a rock, the little boy was lying insensible, his clothes wet as if he had been dragged from the water. After long efforts, in which the dog rendered all the assistance he could in his mute way, the boy was resuscitated, and afterward told his story. He was on the beach gathering shells when a large wave came in and carried him off in the undertow. The dog jumped in after him, but the wave prevented him from reaching the boy for some minutes. He seized him by the leg of his trousers and tried to drag him ashore, but the cloth tore in his teeth, and the boy said that he had an indistinct recollection of the dog coming down below the surface for him again, and that was the last thing he was conscious of. It seems that the dog had dragged the child up on the rock out of reach of the waves, and had tried to restore him. When he heard the mother's call he took the cap to inform her, as well as he could, of the affair, and hasten assistance. —Portland Press.

A HORSE is never vicious or intractable without a direct cause. If a horse is restive or timorous, you may be sure that these faults arise from defects in his education. He has been treated either awkwardly or brutally. Commence the education of a horse at his birth; accustom him to the presence, voice, and sight of man; speak and act gently; caress him, and do not startle him. All chastisement or cruelty confuses the animal, and makes him wild. They are good men who make good horses.

MY DOG.

Dead—and my heart died with him!
Buried—what love lies there!
Gone forever and ever,
No longer my life to share!
"Only a dog!" Yes—only!
Yet these are bitter tears!
Weary, and heartsick, and lonely,
I turn to the coming years.

Something that *always* loved me,
Something that I could *trust*,
Something that cheered and soothed me,
Is moulderling here to dust!
Gentle, and faithful, and noble—
Patient, and tender, and brave—
My pet, my playmate, my darling—
And this is his lonely grave.

I go to my lonely chamber,
And linger before the door—
There once was a loving welcome—
I shall listen for that no more!
I sit by my blazing hearthstone,
And lean my head on my hand—
The best of my wayward nature
Lies low with the Newfoundland!

One plank—when the ship was sinking
In a wild and stormy sea—
One star when the sky was darkened,
Was the love of my dog to me!
A star that will shine no longer—
A plank that has missed my hand;
And the ship may sail or founder—
No watcher is on the strand.

I stood on my sunny uplands,
That beautiful autumn morn—
The crimson-leaved maple o'er me,
Fronting the golden corn;
I hear the brook in the valley—
It sings as it sang of yore—
But the faithful eyes that watched it
Will answer to mine no more!

Over those sunny uplands,
And climbing the breezy hill,
I haunt the depths of the woodland,
Lonely and silent still—
Silent and lonely always,
I know that *this* life may be—
But in the *unseen* future
What is in store for me?

Oh! well may the Indian hunter
Lie calm on his couch of skins
When the pain of *this* world ceases,
And the joy of the *next* begins!
On the "Great Spirit's" prairies,
Under the blue skies of yore,
Will not his stud and watch-dog
Answer his call once more?

Blue hunting grounds of the red man,
Cannot *I* dream the dream?
Surely my old companion
But waits till I cross the stream!
Waits with a faithful yearning,
Almost akin to pain—
Till in some *lesser* heaven
He bounds to my feet again.

—John Jamieson, M. D.

THERE is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware,—the element of serenity; one which we peculiarly need.

For Our Dumb Animals.

THE TAKING OF LIFE.

The sacrifice of life in its mildest phase is a painful necessity. I always contemplate a butcher as an object of pity, and wonder if he has not grown cold, and stern, and hard, through his daily intercourse with death.

Can *any* one look upon the last agony of a dumb brute, even month after month, and not feel a reflex influence?

Then let every one pity the man who is professionally so unfortunate as to be termed a butcher. He deserves pity, but I have no patience with the wanton destroyer of life.

The *ennui* driven off by hunting for pastime is a sad comment upon human depravity. It is an amusement which dwarfs his sensibility, and drags him away from his manhood and his humanity.

All summer we are wakened by the robin's song, till her sweet notes blend in our morning dreams like the herald of brighter days. The shot which brings her from the wing may be a proof of skill in gunning, but it speaks strangely of ingratitude. Let us have no taking of life for amusement. There are other and better sources of entertainment than these.

It is the season of falling leaves and fading flowers. The verdure is dying upon the marshes, and the unclothed arms of the forest toss aimlessly in the autumn winds. The trappers are on the alert, but among professional hunters there is usually a feeling which prevents the useless sacrifice of life,—thanks to protective laws and a feeling of honorable humanity.

May the time speedily come when *all* cruelty shall become as unpopular as it is wrong, for "a small unkindness is a great offence," even though committed against the meanest of God's creatures.

If you are a lover of Nature,—if she speaks to you in the trill of the wild bird's song, and the shy glance of the squirrel frightened from your path,—if you know the soft, sad voice of the pine-tree, and the coquettish rustle of the aspen leaf, then be sure you are drawing nearer to the Creator through the works of his hand; and kindness to the creature will be the visible expression of this nearness.

C. E. H.

A REASONING HORSE.—A remarkable instance of equine sagacity was exhibited this morning, an account of which may seem to some of our readers like a story manufactured because local news is scarce. But we never impose upon the credulity of the public. Everything which appears in these columns is written with that strict regard for the truth which should entitle us to the championship hatchet. This horse story comes to us testified by several reliable witnesses. Thomas Drummond, a teamster in our city, owns a horse which has been afflicted with lameness for two or three weeks past. This morning Mr. Drummond turned him out upon the common, hoping that fresh air and exercise would benefit the animal. Upon gaining his liberty, the crippled horse hobbled along on three legs direct to the blacksmith shop of Wm. Eager, entered the shoeing department, and stood there holding up his injured foot, with his head turned and his eyes intelligently fixed upon Mr. Eager. This peculiar act on the part of a brute attracted Mr. Eager's attention, and induced him to examine the foot held invitingly up for inspection. The result of that examination was the discovery of a long nail driven into the frog, which was the cause of the lameness. Of course Mr. Eager removed the nail. There was something more than instinct in the act. It was good horse sense. Mr. Drummond generally has his horses shod at Mr. Eager's shop, and the suffering brute undoubtedly reasoned that this was the place for him to go for relief. Equine intelligence, according to the common acceptance of the term, is not so rare, but when a horse deliberately concocts and executes a plan for leaving his injured foot of a rusty nail, he certainly can lay claim to a small portion of the reasoning faculties which are supposed to elevate the human race above the level of brutes.—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette*.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, November, 1872.

••• TWO FIRES.—EXPLANATION. •••

Nearly all our November papers were destroyed by the burning of Wright & Potter's establishment Nov. 10. The paper had just been re-set at Rand, Avery, & Co.'s, when their printing-office was nearly destroyed. Fortunately our type was saved, but an additional delay has taken place. Our December paper will be delayed for the same reason. But we are thankful to have escaped so well amid the fearful destruction to so many cherished interests.

LESSONS OF THE HORSE MALADY.

There seems to be a compensation for all the evils that afflict us, and we feel that the prevailing disease among horses will prove no exception. People must have learned valuable lessons by this affliction, which ought to result in an ultimate advantage to horses, if it has proved a serious evil to men.

1. *The value of horses will be better appreciated.*—It will be seen how dependent we are upon them; for business, for pleasure, and for the necessities of life. Our week-days have seemed like Sabbaths, all commercial and financial interests have been disturbed, laborers have lacked employment, men have taken the place of coach, car, express, and team horses, brides have walked to their weddings, and funeral processions have been limited to a single carriage. Nothing less than a pestilence among men could have so awakened the public anxiety and the public sympathy.

2. *Better appreciation ought to lead to better treatment.*—It is natural that we treat best those we love best and value most highly. It has always been true of pet animals: it ought to have been true of all. But we have gone on half blindly, using and abusing our faithful servants, and, because they uttered no complaint, have failed to realize their value.

If sick animals have had the best care, the best attention to diet and regimen, and the best medical skill, it may induce people to think that animals when well may need all these to keep them so. If men have bought extra blankets of late, we hope they will not forget to use them in the time to come. If they have cleansed their stables, and made them warm, we trust they will keep them so. If they have "loaded light" when their horses were weak, let them not overload when they have recovered.

3. *Men and women have been compelled to walk.*—Although our paper is not a "Medical Journal" or specially an "Advocate of Health," yet for reasons hereafter stated, we have a right to say we are glad that people have had this pedestrian experience. In a sanitary view, it would be better for the world if more of it were compulsory.

4. *If people walk more, they will ride less, and thus animals will get more rest.*—If men and women could be made to believe, as we do, that a walk of two miles every day were better for everybody not sick or lame, horse-cars would seldom be overloaded. If gentlemen and ladies would not fear a walk of half a mile from concerts, balls, parties, and theatres, hundreds of horses would not stand for hours at the doors shivering in the cold the coming winter, and the animals

would have an unbroken night's rest, which is as essential to them as to men and women.

We might write columns if we covered all the points suggested by this malady; but Yankees are too busy to read long articles, and we therefore make our suggestions brief.

5. *Increased interest.*—To societies like ours, we look upon this public calamity as a missionary agent. Every man, woman, and child in the community has been affected by it; it has made people think about animals, and feel for them; and this is what has been needed. Indifference has been the great evil we have had to contend with, and now that so great an interest has been created through so much suffering to animals, and inconvenience and loss to men, we shall count upon its continuance in the interests of justice and humanity.

ACTION OF OUR SOCIETY IN REGARD TO THE HORSE DISEASE.

The present calamity is a peculiar one, and in our action in regard to it we cannot be governed by precedents. A public misfortune has fallen upon the people, and we have felt it our duty to be cautious in forbidding the use of horses suffering with this disease. The best judges have differed in regard to the expediency of using them, —some advocating entire rest, others advising moderate use.

We have found our people—corporations and individuals—willing and anxious to avoid working their horses, but there has been a very strong pressure in cases where commercial and manufacturing interests were suffering, and perhaps hundreds of men and women thrown out of employment, for the want of a few hours' use of horses in transportation.

Again, it is said, men and women, in an emergency, work when half sick, and this seems to be an emergency. Still, we have called upon very many men using animals badly diseased to put them up, and they have readily complied.

The disease has proved a severe test to the skill of the best veterinarian, and there is a wide difference in their treatment. Hence we hesitate to recommend any special medical remedies. But all agree in advising clean stalls, good ventilation, warm blankets, moderate amount of food, the best care, and no hard work.

Of course, if the malady increases, and we become satisfied that even moderate work is injurious, we shall resort to more stringent measures. But at present it seems to us that a lenient course is best, in view of the general calamity and the general disposition to be humane.

THE USE OF OXEN, as a substitute for horses, recently in our streets, raises the question, whether cleft-footed animals can be used upon our round pavements without soon disabling them.

SERMONS.—The clergymen who have had to walk from one town to another, recently "on an exchange," may have taken the opportunity to study a sermon on the benefits of and kindness to animals. We hope so.

THANKSGIVING.—Let our friends at the coming festivities remember with thankfulness the animals which have contributed to their comfort, and let them ask if their duty to these servants has been fulfilled.

"DON'T LIKE TO COMPLAIN OF MY NEIGHBORS."

—This is a frequent remark of friends in country towns who know of cases of cruelty. And they will allow animals to suffer month after month, rather than run the risk of offending a fellow-citizen. This may be in the interests of peace, but it is not humane. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," even if that justice is only in favor of an animal, and falls heavily upon a neighbor.

••• TO OUR AGENTS.

Winter is coming on, when there is much cruelty, from overloading, underfeeding, and poor barns. Do not overlook this matter.

We are sorry to say that not more than one-third of our agents make the quarterly reports to this office with the blanks sent to them. We hope they will do so. They certainly have investigated some cases, if they have made no prosecutions, and it is very desirable that we should know what has been done.

TELL US WHY.—The hunt of Wednesday at Florence, Mass., was a success in every way. The count stood, on one side, —5,140 chipmunks, 890 red squirrels, 75 gray, 400 blue-jays, 140 woodchucks, 5 partridges, 30 hawks, 170 woodpeckers, 10 pigeons; total, 6,820; —and on the other, —9,300 chipmunks, 1,820 red squirrels, 55 gray, 1,225 blue-jays, 140 woodpeckers, 150 crows, 10 partridges, 30 hawks, 100 woodchucks; total, 12,730. This was probably the largest one-day's hunt that ever took place in that vicinity.—*Exchange.*

Will some of the "sportsmen" who helped to kill 19,750 animals in a day tell us what was gained by the butchery? Were the woodpeckers dangerous, venomous, or destructive of anything but insects? What is the market price for chipmunks as food? Please inform the people if sport is a sufficient reason for this raid.

Since the above was in type, we find in the *Springfield Republican* an interesting and valuable communication on this subject, from Charles Merriam, Esq., one of our vice-presidents, for which we have room only for the following extracts:—

* * * I confess to no inconsiderable pain at reading the above result of, I will not say wanton, but thoughtless destruction of such a number of occupants of the grove and the forest—each a living specimen of the Creator's marvellous skill, wisdom, and goodness.

Is such a feeling the result of intelligent conviction or a morbid sentimentality? Let us briefly examine the matter. Man's chartered right over the animal creation is found in the divine declaration in Genesis, giving him "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." That this dominion is limited, and not absolute, or subject only to man's caprice, is abundantly evident, not only from specific provisions, scattered through the Bible, but the whole general scope and tenor of Scripture. These organized, "wonderfully-made" structures were among the Creator's most marvellous works, endowed with that sacred principle of life, only inferior to man himself, and at beholding which, with the other products of the divine skill, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Daily, the same Creator "opens his hand, and supplies the wants of every living thing." Does he thus trouble himself to care for the daily need of these, we cannot say unintelligent, unreasoning, but only non-immortal portion of his creatures, that man may recklessly, and without sufficient cause, the next moment, destroy them? It cannot be.

The intelligible and reasonable rule seems to be obvious. Man may take the life of the lower animals where needful for his proper use, as for food,

clothing, &c., or destroy noxious ones to prevent injury to himself. Beyond this, I see not why, equally with ourselves, they are not "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that to violate these rights, or inflict unnecessary pain in taking that life, or to treat them with cruelty or inflict needless pain, is a wrong, and for which the Creator will hold us accountable. * * *

There is another and more practical view of the matter, viz., the unquestioned utility to man, in one way or another, of almost every one of these dwellers in the fields and forests, and the feathered navigators of what Charles Sprague calls the "upper deep." The woodpecker, for example, rids the tree which he bores in search of his food of countless vermin that are destroying its life. Almost all birds perform a like office for man; whilst they, with the squirrel and other land animals, are the bearers of seeds and nuts from one region to another, and thus scatter and propagate, and perpetuate vegetable life, which in turn, provides themselves with stores, and so the beautiful harmony and order of nature is maintained, and the earth clothed with fertility and beauty. Many a forest owes its origin to such causes; and the often-noticed fact of one species of trees springing up, where never before seen, upon a soil denuded of an entirely different variety, is doubtless to be accounted for from such cause. * * *

KILLING ANIMALS WITH BENZINE.—A professor of anatomy and zoölogy in a neighboring State writes us as follows:—

"Your instructions in October number, 'How to kill animals with chloroform,' lead me to state that I have, during the past year, employed the common benzine in like manner: either with the sponge or a bag over the animal's head, or, in case of smaller animals—cats and dogs—by enclosing the whole animal in a box, or can, or jar, with from two to six ounces of the fluid.

"As benzine may be had, in bulk, for from five to ten cents per pound, while a pound of chloroform costs a dollar, the difference is worth saving.

"In the few cases in which I have tried it for rodents (rabbits, muskrats, woodchucks, &c.), it has not worked well, for what reason I have not yet learned. But for cats and dogs it seems to kill nearly as quickly and as comfortably as chloroform."

MAINE.

A friend who has recently travelled in Maine writes as follows:—

"In Augusta (the place where laws are made!) I found that almost any kind of a horse was used that could walk. It made no difference whatever whether the horse was affected with glanders, spavin, or any of the many diseases to which horses are subject, and which makes it cruelty to work him. People then are either very ignorant of what constitutes cruelty, or cruelly negligent of the suffering some of their horses endure.

"In Portland it was much the same. Some of the horses on the street railroads were in a frightful condition. I assure you there is plenty of work for a society in Maine."

[We are glad to inform our friend that there are societies in Bangor, Portland, and Castine. We trust this notice will induce them to renewed exertion. It would be better if there were a State society, with branches or agents in each city and town. But if this cannot be done, many more local societies should be formed.]

FLY PROTECTORS.—An army officer states that he has for years used the wash made from walnut leaves for his horses in fly-time, and finds it most excellent.

Another friend suggests a substitute for the walnut leaves: "Cut up two or three onions in a basin of cold water, and let them stand in it over night. Bathe the neck and limbs of the horse with it. If the mixture is too sticky, use fewer onions."

E. M. G.

HOW TO SHOE A HORSE.

The following instructions, issued by the Goodenough Horseshoe Company, seem to us good enough for any pattern of a shoe, and does not apply to one more than another:—

"Take off the old shoe carefully, by cutting the clenches, drawing each nail separately; see that no stub is left in, and never violently tear off the shoe.

Do not pare the sole or cut away any portion of the frog or bars.

Cut a level seating round the bottom of the crust or shell of the hoof, just the width of the web of the new shoe, with a knife or rasp, cutting or rasping the horn gradually from the toes to the heels, so as to allow the fog to reach the ground when shod. This may not in all cases be practicable at the first shoeing; it must however be effected as soon as possible.

Fit the shoe to follow the exact sweep of the crust, taking care that no iron projects beyond the crust or wall at the heel, leaving the shoe long enough to cover the entire length of the foot.

Do not burn on the shoe; it is made level, and all that is required is to pare or rasp the seating until the shoe bears on the crust all round.

Do not rasp the hoof higher than the clenches."

We have italicized the portion of the above about which we had intended to write an article. The best authorities we have consulted utterly condemn cutting down the frog. It is said to be a spongy substance, designed to absorb moisture, by coming in contact with the ground, and if it becomes too long, it will be worn off by friction with the road. To reduce it with a knife allows the foot to contract and become dry and unhealthy.

To sear the hoof with a hot shoe is too unreasonable to need argument. Hundreds of horses are ruined by bad shoeing. We hope the essay we have distributed to the blacksmiths of Massachusetts will awaken public attention to this subject, and that many of the present evils will be remedied.

HITCHING-POSTS AND RUNAWAYS.—Chas. Merriam, Esq., of Springfield, one of our vice-presidents, has written an earnest letter to the Springfield Republican, urging the importance of erecting hitching-posts in the streets, and of carrying weights to hold horses left standing in the streets. He cites several cases of severe injury by want of care in this matter, in addition to the loss of property and injury to the horse. The letter concludes as follows:—

In connection with this matter, and suggested by these frequent escapes, inflicting often, if unintentionally, causeless and severe injury upon that noble animal, the horse, to invite public attention in the county to the objects of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Honored by an official relation to its board of direction; I regard its objects as of very great importance. City Marshal Pease and Mr. Luther Clark of Springfield are the executive officers of the society for the county; and a report to them is invited of any violation of the law in regard to cruelty to dumb beasts, or suggestions for the promotion of their comfort by kind treatment and the prevention of abuse.

CHAS. MERRIAM.

Springfield, Thursday, October 17.

A FRIEND makes an inquiry:—

Is it natural for horses to have the hair over their foreheads, and hanging in their eyes? I think it is as uncomfortable for them as for us when a lock of our hair falls over our eyes. Please tell me if I have been wasting sympathy.

E. M. G.

CASES INVESTIGATED.

BY BOSTON AGENTS, IN OCTOBER.

Whole number, 75:—Beating, 7; overloading, 2; lame and galled, 30; food and shelter, 4; torturing, 3; diseased, 8; abandoning, 1; general, 20.

Remedied without prosecution, 40; prosecuted, 14 (all of whom were convicted); not sustained, 13; not found, 6; pending, 2.

Animals killed, 15.

Many horses taken from work on account of prevailing disease.

BY COUNTRY AGENTS, JULY 1 TO OCTOBER 1.

Whole number complaints, 236: viz., for beating, 33; overloading, 51; overdriving, 50; torturing, 26; improper food and shelter, 19; abandoning, 20; lame 13; general cruelty, 24.

Remedied without prosecution, 224; prosecuted 12; convicted, 9. Animals killed, 41.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or to our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Eben Denton, \$1; John P. Squires, \$20; Goodenough Horseshoe Company, \$15; Mrs. Chas. Little, \$1; Jacob A. Dresser, \$20; J. B. Bright, \$20; Miss M. W. Storer, \$25; Mrs. Eliza Winslow, \$5; R. B. Forbes, Jr., \$10.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. B. H. Greene, W. H. H. Bryant, John F. Cook, James Wm. Behrens, Dr. Joseph Beals, Samuel C. Fisher, E. B. Badger, Henry D. Fowle, G. W. Gale, Edward Lawrence, Rev. J. M. Manning, P. R. Southwick, Rawson & Hittenger, Dr. W. W. Lillyman, H. Lummine, Mrs. Dora Brigham, Arthur H. Nichols, L. S. Briggs, Dr. M. McClearn, Dr. H. B. Morrill, W. F. Whitney & Co., Stedman Arnold, Braman, Shaw, & Co., Mrs. M. A. Wood, Pierce Hooper, Miss Martha Dodgson, John L. Page, George Smith, F. M. Esty, Jesse Tirrell, O. Parker, Chas F. Henry, S. R. Frost, R. A. Douglass, Jennings & Noyes, John Green, Mrs. A. C. Thayer, Mrs. P. R. Gifford, Mrs. H. H. Leeds, Warren Wright, Samuel S. Bliss, Bradley & Co., S. P. Thatcher, N. D. Thurber, P. A. Hern, Burgess, Grant, J. B. Angell, Geo. M. Grant, Sam'l F. English, John H. Leonard, Grant Brothers, Matthew Campbell, Terrance McGinn, Geo. Jones, Wm. A. McGay, Wm. Trimble, H. D. Davis & Son, Patrick Goodwin, Terrance Donnelly, James E. Kay, John Armstrong, Gustavus Fuller, Geo. W. Everett, Henry Perrin, E. B. Bruce, H. M. Green, Willie Defries, Lewis Buncombe, P. Seldner, W. H. Osborne, Ezra Abbott, Mrs. Roberta Vaux, Mrs. H. C. Howard, Graham Dickenson, Dr. C. J. Blake, Rev. E. M. P. Wells, Rev. W. H. Murray, Dr. Winslow Lewis, Theodore Harding, Miss M. C. Pike, Mr. W. Stimpson, J. G. Thompson, W. F. Fessenden, Hon. Wm. Whiting, Goodenough Horseshoe Co., Calvin Shepherd, W. A. Lander, E. W. Gilmore, Nellie M. Hunt, Mrs. H. G. De Forest, Mrs. Chas. Spencer, Peter Low, Joseph Boyd, Edward Bates, Miss E. L. Nash, N. H. Gilman, E. P. McCoy, M. V. B. Libbey, Owen Cahill, I. H. Abbott, S. A. Hayward, Simeon Putnam, S. G. Cornell, A. G. Swan, Mrs. G. A. Tapley, J. W. Austin, Thomas L. Whitney, Dr. Burt G. Wilder, Mrs. J. H. Gage, W. W. Hayes, Miss Catherine Harmon, Mrs. S. K. Roberts, Mrs. H. M. Jacobs (2), Mrs. L. B. Urbino (3).

FINES.

From Justices Courts:—Abington, \$25; Brighton, 2 cases \$20; Scituate, \$5.

Police Courts:—Somerville, \$25; Quincy, \$3; Salem, 2 cases, \$25.

District Courts:—Central Berkshire, 2 cases, \$13.

Superintendent House of Industry:—\$15. (Fine imposed in Municipal Court for Southern District of Boston.)

Municipal Courts:—Southern District, \$5; Boston, 6 cases, \$98. Witness fees, \$10.70.

SHEPHERD-FOXES.—Near Milton, California, may be seen, almost any day, a large flock of sheep herded by foxes. These guardians of the little lambs are three in number,—one a gray fox and the other two of the species known as the red fox. In point of intelligence these novel shepherds are said to greatly surpass the best-trained shepherd-dogs. They perform their work well, and from morning till night are ever on the alert. The gray one seems to control, and in a great measure direct, the actions of the other two. A gentleman informs us that he saw the gray fox pursue and attack a dog that had seized a lamb and was making off with it. The contest was short and sharp, and resulted in the dog dropping the lamb and beating a hasty retreat. The fox picked up the apparently uninjured lamb and carried it back to the flock.

Children's Department.

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Jack, the Drover's Son.

"So, Jack," said Ann, "your father's been away in London town;
Been shaking hands with such big folks,
And brought such fine things down."

"Yes, Ann, it's all true what you say:
My father has been there;
And if you saw the gifts he's got,
I'm sure they'd make you stare."

"He's got a book, all red and gold,
And in it is his name,
And a fine story 'bout himself
In a grand picture-frame.*

"Why, old Tom Jenkins o' the mill,
And the squire's coachman, say
They haven't seen such lovely things
For many a long, long day.

"A lady—oh! so rich and good—
These gifts to father gave:
She shook his hand, and hoped he still
With kindness would behave."

"Why did they shake your father's hand,
And give him presents, Jack?"
"Because he never laid a stick
Upon his cattle's back;

"Because he never sent his dog
To race and chase the sheep
When they were weary, or the roads
Were narrow, rough, or steep.

"And when he drove his herds or flocks
Upon a scorching day,
He always gave them lots of rest,
And water on the way.

"That's why he's got his grand, fine gifts;
So, Ann, when I'm a man,
If I'm a drover, I will act
Upon my father's plan.

"As he was kind to all his beasts,
I will be kind likewise;
And who knows, Ann, but some fine day,
Like him, I'll win a prize?

"But, Ann, it is not for the prize
That I would kindness show:
I'll do it, Ann, because it is
My duty to do so."

* Handsome certificate of merit, with recipient's name and address.

At a public meeting held in the Memorial Hall, Islington, London, in December, 1870, rewards and certificates were distributed to forty-four drovers and ten shepherds who had been distinguished for their humane treatment of animals intrusted to their care during the exercise of their vocation. Miss Burdett-Coutts, on behalf of the Ladies' Humane Education Committee of the "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," distributed the prizes, and, in doing so, spoke words of kindness and encouragement to each recipient.

SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.—A doe in a public park in Louisville, Ky., has a constant and inseparable companion in a little black dog, which manifests for it the most singular affection. When the doe moves about, the dog goes with it; when it lies down, the dog nestles closely by its side, and constantly licks, fondles, and plays with it as if it were one of its own species. And at all times this little black dog assumes the guardianship of her deership, and protects her against every approach. When the doe, now about one year old, was carried to the park, the dog refused to be deterred from following; and there he stays.

A Rack o' Bones.

Little things tell a good deal sometimes to a sharp observer. Do you ever think of it, boys, you, who like to get a poor frightened cat into a corner, and stone her; who like to tie a tin pail to a dog's tail to see him run himself almost quite to death; you, who like to get a poor old "rack-o'-bones" of a horse and draw up the reins, and put on the whip, to see how fast you can make him go? Do you ever think you are showing your character in pretty black colors to whoever may chance to be watching? What is a "rack-o'-bones" but a once nice, plump, sleek horse, worn out with hard work, pain, too little food, abuse from unthinking boys and hard-hearted men? He has done his best for you. Is this a good reason why you should abuse him?

Suppose somebody should call your mother a "rack-o'-bones," because she is pale and thin and sad-faced. She once had a sweet, rosy face, bright eyes, and has lost them in suffering and working and caring for you. She has spent the best of her strength and the best of her life for you; and wouldn't you quickly resent it if any boy should speak slightly of her?

Can you give me any better reasons why you should maltreat a poor, limpy, shaky, worn-out horse, whose every rib you can count, and that hangs his head almost to the ground because he is too weak and tired to hold it up? Do you feel manly after you have tormented him? Are you proud to tell of it?

The Sick Pony.

A pony, whose master lived near Dundee, Scotland, had been for some years shod by Mr. Gow, who had also performed several operations upon him when he was sick. By and by the pony became too old for service, and then his master provided kindly for the old favorite of the family. One day Mr. Gow was surprised to see the pony standing before the door of his shop, without any one having brought him. The poor creature began to lick and bite his own side, moaning gently the while, as if he were in pain. Unfortunately, Mr. Gow did not understand his dumb eloquence, and as the pony continued to follow him from one place in his shop to the other, he finally drove him away. The pony returned to his stable as he had come, lay down in his stall, and in less than fifteen minutes was dead. It was found that in the agonies of death he had broken the strong rope with which he was tied, and forced open the stable door, before going out in search of that relief which was after all denied him.

Be gentle and kind to all the creatures God has made.—*Little Missionary.*

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. A smile accompanied by a kind word has been known to reclaim a poor, outcast, and change the whole career of human life. Of all life's blessings, none are cheaper or more easily dispensed than smiles. Let us not, then, be too chary of them, but scatter them freely as we go; for life is too short to be frowned away.

There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

—Manners are but the happy ways of doing things.

—We may think foolish thoughts, but should never express them.

—Nothing is more worthy of a great and brave man than clemency.

—The power of honesty is so great that we love it even in an enemy.

—Believe nothing against another but upon authority, nor repeat what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

There would be no evil speakers if there were no evil hearers. It is in scandal as in robbery—the receiver is as bad as the thief.

How He Got Over.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when Mr. Donkey came to a sheep-drain, he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him around, and put the whip to him, thinking of course that the donkey, going so fast, would jump the drain before he ever knew it. But not so. On they came; and, when the donkey got to the drain, he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking Mr. Donkey straight in the face, he said,—

"Very weel pitched; but then, how are ye going to get over yersel'?"—*Day-Spring.*

A Cat Story.

I once heard of a boy who had a cat that he called Dan. Dan was a great pet, and the little boy was very kind to him in every way. The time came at last when Dan could repay this kindness; and he did so. One cold winter night all had gone up stairs to bed, and were sleeping soundly. Dan was cosily rolled up on his nice warm mat behind the kitchen stove, when all at once the room became very light. Dan awoke; and what should he see but the broom, which had been left standing a little too near the stove, all on fire. In a few moments the house would have been all ablaze, but Dan thought of his master; so away he trotted up stairs to his room.

Dan called with a very loud voice, "Mew, mew, mew;" but his master did not hear him. Then he said, "Mew, mew, mew," still louder; but that did not awake him. Then he jumped upon the bed, pulling back the bed-clothes with his paw, and gently struck his master in the face. This aroused the sleepy boy, and he very soon learned the meaning of Dan's strange actions. He jumped out of bed, ran down stairs, and put out the fire before it had got under very great headway.

After the fire was out, that boy went back to bed with a thankful heart. He thanked God for giving so much wisdom and kindness to his kitty.—*Little Watchman.*

What Jack Did.

Miss P. writes to "HEARTH AND HOME": "Let me tell the children a story, which I know to be true, about a fine dog named Jack.

"A lady and gentleman from Chicago, being at Binghamton, N. Y., on a visit, went out to a friend's house to pass the evening. While there a storm came on; and when they left, a water-proof cloak and an umbrella were lent to them.

"The house where they were staying was about a mile distant. When they reached it, Jack, the dog belonging to the family with which they had spent the evening, was with them. Being entire strangers, they were surprised to see him enter. The moment the water-proof cloak was removed and hung up, the dog stationed himself beside it, and there he lay until the following morning. Food was offered him, but he steadfastly refused to rise and touch it. At length, some one suggested that Jack was keeping guard over the cloak and umbrella. To test it, the umbrella was taken from the rack and put at the other end of the hall. Jack got up and moved to the umbrella. After lying there awhile, he went to the cloak, and all day long he vibrated between the two articles. In vain was he coaxed with food. Not a morsel did he touch. At evening, when the umbrella and cloak went home, Jack followed them, rushing into the house with every appearance of a dog who had done his duty and expected praise for it."

[Explanation: Nearly all our November papers were destroyed by the burning of Wright & Potter's establishment on Sunday 10th inst., together with the plate of "Jack, the Drover's Son." Hence, in reprinting the balance of the edition, this page has been re-arranged and the cut omitted. Our young friends can say they "lost something by the fire!" Our December paper will have a cut as usual.—ED.]

For Our Dumb Animals.
HORSES.

"Save when needless severity urges timidity to madness, the horse is naturally obedient. This is the instinct of the race. The strong quadruped delights to labor under the command of the weaker biped." — *Mayhew.*

Mr. Eggleston's old Basket Maker says, "We are all selfish, according to my tell;" and Abraham Lincoln rightly decided that he was actuated by selfish motives, when he rode back a mile to help a pig out of a slough-hole, because his conscience would not let him take any comfort until he had done so.

The contemplation of misery is distressing in proportion to our sympathy with its victims; and it is just as natural for us to shun mental as bodily pain.

I therefore hail it as an encouraging advance towards the still distant millennium, that men and women of delicate sensibility can be found to seek out the abused and suffering among the brute creation, with an unselfish and self-sacrificing desire to alleviate their misery and improve their condition.

But, while we should use our utmost efforts to check and punish the cruelty, and to relieve the suffering which comes under our observation, or which we have time and opportunity to discover, we must never forget that prevention is better than cure, and that it is only by influencing public sentiment, and exciting public sympathy and co-operation, that we can hope to secure for our much-misunderstood and much-abused clients a more intelligent appreciation and more humane treatment.

An important step in this direction is to disabuse the public mind of the belief that animals are naturally inclined to act in direct opposition to our wishes, and can only be controlled by force or the fear of punishment. Nothing can be more absurd than this idea.

Animals should, and if properly treated do, occupy towards their owner the position of humble but cherished and valued servants, who have perfect confidence in their employer's friendly regard, and a full assurance that his interests and theirs are identical.

Admitting this broad principle, the truth of which is evident to every intelligent person who has had experience in the care of stock, it follows that if we fail to secure a cheerful obedience to our wishes, such failure must be attributed to our own inability to adapt our commands to the animals' comprehension, or to inspire confidence that our orders may be safely obeyed.

In either case, how worse than useless to whip a defenceless creature for not doing what it does not know how to do, or what it is prevented from doing by an instinctive and uncontrollable fear.

In numberless ways animals are tortured and abused through man's neglect, cupidity, and selfishness; but a great point would be gained if it could be generally understood that to wilfully strike or cause pain to an animal is mean, useless, and mischievous, and stamps a person guilty of such conduct as a contemptible coward and an unreasoning fool.

"I used," said my father, "to strike my horse if he stumbled or shied; but now I always check myself. I find that whipping will not prevent a horse's stumbling; and, if a horse springs after making a false step, he proclaims to lookers-on the fact that he is an habitual stumbler, and has often been whipped for the mistake. So horse who has been whipped for shying is none the less, but rather more liable to be startled by unexpected objects; and, in addition, acquires the habit of trying to run away to escape the whipping, which he knows will follow any exhibition of fear, however involuntary or uncontrollable. I also think how sad would be my own case, if my heavenly Father were to visit with chastisement every word and act which is not in accordance with his will."

Now, what is the result of this thoughtfulness and consideration for the feelings of his faithful servants? Why, that in his long rides and drives, he has always a loving companion and friend, ever ready to testify his affection, and ever anxious to exert his utmost strength and intelligence to promote his master's wishes.

When my father gets out of his gig to walk up a long hill, old Pilot or Sultan will mumble his hand, and say, in the low whining that he well understands,

"Dear master, I value your love and consideration even more than the relief you afford by lightening my load."

And now that age has increased his caution, and indisposed him to take all his fences flying, my father is still independent of gates and barways, for his horses will follow him over fences that none but desperate riders would care to face.

That these same horses can be kept in a pasture, by fences not half as difficult as those which, in obedience to their master's wishes, they surmount daily, is another proof how singularly the horse surrenders his every faculty to those who kindly accept and wisely use the trust.

How different is the treatment which the faithful animal too often meets with at the hands of his masters!

Every mistake, however unintentional; every failure to comprehend commands, however unintelligible; nay, every accident which happens through the driver's own carelessness and stupidity—is a signal for furiously beating an animal whose greatest delight is to minister to man's pleasure, and to obey his commands.

B. H.

DOG MARKING SUNDAY.

In the West of England, not far from Bath, there lived a worthy, learned, and benevolent clergyman. He had a turnspit named Toby, a fine dog with stout legs fit for his work and enabling him to follow his master about hour after hour, — sometimes, indeed, to his annoyance, but he was of too kind a disposition to repulse him. At length he became so persevering and even presuming in his attendance, that he would venture into the reading desk on a Sunday morning. This the clergyman tolerated for a time, but thinking that he saw a smile at Toby's appearance on the face of some of his congregation, he began to fear that he was injudiciously indulgent, and ordered Toby on the following Sunday morning to be locked up in the stable. But he was locked up to no purpose, for he forced his way out through the leaded casement and presented himself at the reading desk as usual.

Again, the next Sunday, however, it was determined to take further precaution; and accordingly when the dog had done his part on the Saturday towards roasting the beef which was to be eaten cold on Sunday, he was not suffered to go at large as on other occasions, but was bolted up in the wood-house, where there was no window to allow of escape. He continued, therefore, in confinement, testifying his uneasiness by barking and howling during the greater part of the day of rest, but it was hoped his discomfort would be a warning to him to avoid the church. Being let out on Sunday evening and left at liberty for the rest of the week, he passed the days in his usual fashion, did his duty in the wheel whenever he was wanted, and showed not the least sullenness or discontent. But at twelve on Saturday, when his services were required for the spit, Toby was not to be found. Servants were despatched in all directions in quest of him, but without effect; it was supposed that he must have been stolen, and the cook and the minister were alike in despair.

On Sunday morning the clergyman went to church, free from Toby's officious devotion, but concerned at his unaccountable disappearance. His re-appearance, however, was equally unexpected; for as his reverence entered the reading-desk he saw Toby's eye twinkle a morning salutation in his usual corner. After this no opposition was offered to Toby's Sunday movements; but he was allowed to go to church as he pleased, with the unanimous approbation of the rector and the whole parish. In this case, if the dog did not reckon days, he showed excellent powers of calculation for his own ends.—*Watson.*

THAT CAT.—It will be remembered that the late Miss Sarah C. Lewis, of Braintree, in her will bequeathed the income of her house and furniture, and an allowance of two dollars a week, to Mrs. Josselyn for the care of a favorite cat, named Otta. This novel bequest has been carried out until yesterday, when the cat died of old age. The house and land now become the property of the Universalist parish in West Scituate, in accordance with the will of Miss Lewis.—*Boston Transcript.*

DO NOT CUT A HORSE'S FROG.

The function of the frog in the animal economy is one of great moment.

It is eminently adapted for contact with the ground, and in this resides its most important office. To remove it from the ground, and deprive it of its horn, is at once to destroy its utility and its structure, and withdraw from the foot one of its most essential components.

The longer the frog is left untouched by the knife, and allowed to meet the ground, the more developed it becomes; its horn grows so dense and resisting, yet without losing its special properties, that it braves the crushing of the roughest roads without suffering in the slightest degree; it insures the hoof retaining its proper shape at the heels, is a valuable supporter of the limb and foot while the animal is standing or moving; and is an active agent, from its shape and texture, in preventing slipping. Its reduction and removal from the ground, I am perfectly convinced from long observation, have a tendency directly or indirectly to induce that most painful, frequent, and incurable malady, navicular disease, as well as other affections of this organ. The farrier should, therefore, leave the frog untouched, unless there be flakes which are useless—though this is extremely rare; then these ought to be cut off. So particular am I in this respect, however, and so well aware am I of the fondness of the workman to cut into this part, that I never allow any frogs to be interfered with unless I am present. If any gravel has lodged beneath the flakes at the side or in the cleft, which is most infrequent, this is removed by some blunt instrument. To show the value of contact with the ground, when a horse with a diseased frog is brought to me, I at once order the hoof to be so prepared or shod that this part will immediately receive direct pressure; in a brief space the disease disappears.—*Fleming's Essay on Horseshoeing.*

For Our Dumb Animals.

CRUELTY TO POULTRY AT FAIRS.

A short time since I attended an agricultural fair in a neighboring town, and, while admiring the fine display of poultry, was surprised and vexed to find that several of the coops were unprovided with water or drinking-cups to hold it. One small coop contained a hen, and at least ten large chickens. They were crowded together, and without a drop of water. I bought a small toy mug at one of the booths, filled it and held it between the slats. It was pitiful to see how eagerly the little brown heads were thrust through the slats in every direction, to get at the water, while the hen, with true motherly self-denial, kept back until the chickens were satisfied, when she showed herself to be as thirsty as they.

A lady seeing what I was doing, very kindly offered to help me. Her boy, who was with her, went and bought a tin cup, and together we went to every coop, and gave water to all who would drink. With a little care in providing something to drink from, the suffering from thirst might have been avoided.

Should this be considered worthy a place in the pages of "Our Dumb Animals," and should it afford any of your readers half the pleasure I have received from reading similar pieces in your paper, I shall be well satisfied, and hope it may do some good. H. DUXBURY.

CRUEL POLITICIANS.—It is stated that on a recent election day, a voter sold his vote for a pig and a quart of whiskey. The whiskey outweighed the pig by 8 o'clock, at which time the voter started for home, three miles distant, with the pig in a bag, slung over his shoulder, and his bottle in his bosom. Now it is a fact that the pig and bearer thereof arrived at 5 o'clock next morning, both hardly in a grunting condition, owing, as the voter stated, to the roughness of the road; saying, also, that he didn't remember which was on top the most, the pig or himself. Now it is hoped that parties who buy votes will either give all pig or all whiskey, as mixing causes much cruelty to animals.—*Exchange, amended.*

[Communicated.]

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD FAMILY HORSE.

Died in Buffalo, on the 17th September, 1872, aged 21, *Robin Gray*, for seventeen years a dear friend and faithful servant in the family of George R. Babcock.

If a gentle disposition, a well-controlled temper, and the unpretending performance of daily duties, entitle one to the grateful remembrance and heartfelt regrets of those who were blessed by his services, none ever merited them more than the beloved subject of this notice.

In the days of the Greeks and Romans, public honors would have been paid to his memory, and a statue raised over his remains; but not more truly would he have been mourned than was he, when three generations shed tears over his grave. All who were familiar with his daily presence in our streets will miss his stately bearing,—that seemed to fitly express the nobleness of his nature; but to the family that best knew and loved him is his loss indeed irreparable.

There are few who spend their lives and develop their highest powers for the good of others, and in their deaths give such genuine occasion for grief, as "Old Gray."

BLIND BRIDLES.

The check-rein is not the only objectionable part of a bridle. Blinds, although a lesser evil, are, as a rule, quite objectionable. The horse should be treated as a reasoning animal. When a colt is first harnessed its fear is very greatly excited. The feeling of the harness is new, the sights and sounds are all new, and tend to alarm the leather-bound beast. If, in addition, you blindfold him to all directions except the straightforward, you increase his terror four-fold. He hears the rattle of the wagon, and many other sounds which are incomprehensible. He catches glimpses of passing objects, and fears that in some way he is going to be hurt. Now substitute for the bridle with blinds one without blinds, and see how much his nervousness and terror will abate. His eyes assure him that nothing is coming at him, and he becomes quite docile. I would make it an invariable rule not to put blinds on a young horse.

The reasons given for using blinds are that they make a horse look better, and that they prevent his springing forward when he sees the whip rising for a blow. Now I will admit that a poor old crow-bait of a horse looks better when put inside of a new harness with blinds on, as the bridle covers up his very sunken eyes. But the less you have on a well-formed head, the better for looks, whether animal or human. The comfort of an animal should be attained if it can be done by merely sacrificing looks. The second reason has no force, except in one case,—that of a four-horse team, where you are obliged to use a whip on the leaders. In such a case it might be necessary to put blinds on the wheel horses. But even in this case a little patient teaching would soon overcome all difficulty.

A team without blinds jumps no worse at the sight of a rising whip than a blinded one does after being struck. The driver is always prepared for the jump when he strikes. Let him be prepared when he goes to raise a whip, and there will be no more difficulty in the one case than in the other. But never raise your whip without striking. It is like parents threatening to punish children, and then not doing it. It results in lack of respect in either case, and leads to unnecessary difficulty. In large cities, where sights and sounds are very numerous and various, the use of blinds is becoming unpopular, especially among teamsters who have to throw down their lines while loading and unloading. Experience is teaching them that their teams stand better, and are less liable to fright, if they can see all around them.—*Oneida Circular.*

THERE is threefold death in the slanderer's tongue: it kills him who slanders, him who is slandered, and him who receives the slander.

MANY run about after happiness, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

ANIMALS UNDERSTAND LANGUAGE.

Mules seem to possess superiority over horses in learning a language. Nothing is more common on the levee in New Orleans than to see stalwart mules harnessed in drays, that understand both French and English. If the driver speaks Spanish, or German, or French, and the animal has been long enough with him, it is quite evident he understands when told to do this or that in either tongue, by instant obedience. Even donkeys manifest a peculiar aptitude for accomplishing themselves in the same way, if reared with drivers speaking two or three dialects. A splendid opportunity offers for instituting experiments to determine how much a horse may be taught of a language; no severity would be necessary. Their innate approbateness affords an unerring key-note to their cerebral powers. A gentleman of New York, two years ago, was in the habit of talking with his beautiful horse as he did with his friends, and promised a lump of sugar if he travelled well when he rode out, which was invariably given on returning to the stable. When the sagacious quadruped had exerted himself in a particularly satisfactory manner, he had a way of expressing his consciousness of it to his owner, who acknowledged the hint by giving him two lumps.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SAGACITY OF A MARE.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity of a horse has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher owns an unbroken mare, which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare (which is very wild) has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had retired, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing, and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time, he got up, and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed; but she immediately returned, and, if possible, increased her demonstrations. He again went out, when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy of allowing any one to come within reach of her, then ran a few yards before him, continuing her neighing; then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten her away. As soon, however, as he turned towards the house, she returned, and tried in every way to prevent him from doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact he had not noticed before, as it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so, she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on, keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field, where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her, she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it, and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone, Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neighbors, and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out, the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy; and afterwards, when the men had got out of the hole, she came up to Mr. Fletcher, and, placing her nose on his shoulder, gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason?—*Virginia City Montanan.*

A WONDERFUL DOG.—One of the Washington fire companies own, a remarkable Newfoundland dog. Whenever an alarm of fire is sounded, the dog listens attentively for a moment until the number of bells indicates the locality. He rushes, barking furiously, to the stable of the horses, which is the basement of the engine-house, and by the time he gets there the horses are out, and he takes his position at their head, and runs to the engine. When it starts he keeps just ahead, turning all the corners correctly and barking time to the ringing of the bell.

A SAMARITAN HORSE.

The intelligent horse very often sympathizes with animals in distress. About a year ago a dog was set upon by a crowd of cruel boys, and pelted with sticks and stones. The poor dog had given no offence, but this mattered not. He tried to escape from his tormentors, and had nearly succeeded in doing so, when a stone hurled with great violence struck him on the fore leg, bruising the flesh and fracturing the bone. The animal howled piteously, but none of his persecutors went to his relief. Having injured him, they turned carelessly and coldly away, and left him to his fate. The dog limped into the stable of Mr. Edward Kilpatrick, moaning piteously. In one of the stalls of the stable was a well-bred young horse of more than ordinary intelligence. The distress of the dog seemed to move the heart of the horse to pity. He bent his head, caressed the canine, and carefully inspected the broken leg. Then with his fore feet he pushed some clean straw into one corner of his stall and made a soft bed, on which the dog was induced to lay himself down. A close and affectionate intimacy was at once established between the horse and the dog. The horse was being largely fed on bran mash, and one day on receiving his feed, thinking the dog might be hungry, the equine bowed his head, caught the canine gently by the skin of the neck, and with the teeth lifted him into the trough or box. The dog fell to with a hearty will, which showed that his hunger was great, and that his gratitude was equal to his appetite. Days and weeks passed, and the dog and horse continued firm friends. The bran mash fed them both, and the invalid grew strong and fat on the wholesome diet. At night the two animals thus brought together slept in the most loving manner. The horse would arrange a soft bed for the dog, and then lie down and tenderly encircle the canine form with one of his fore legs. It is seldom that such a beautiful and authentic incident is brought to our notice. The horse showed for the unfortunate more of that feeling which we term humanity than did the dozen lusty youths, who were presumed to walk in the image of their God. Nay, it took the poor victim of man's persecution to its heart and home, and tenderly nursed the same back to health and strength. We claim to be practical rather than sentimental; still we cannot resist the thought that the horse revealed more evidence of a divine spirit than did the rude boys, who receive credit for having immortal souls. While they reviled and persecuted, he played the part of the good Samaritan; and in so doing he developed a power of thought and intelligence too broad to occupy the contracted sphere of what we commonly call instinct. The horse reasoned, and then acted like a Christian.—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

THOSE who mourn over their petty aches and pains may learn a lesson in pluck and hope from a young man in Mississippi. In the war he lost one leg, and recently the other one was so crushed as to require amputation. During the operation he said to his friends, "I thank God that I have two strong arms left to get a living with."

THE French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has awarded a medal to a poor woman who kept twenty stray dogs through the siege, though they were worth 200 francs apiece for food.

HOW TO RETAIN A GOOD FACE.—A correspondent has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says, "We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. 'Oh! it's because he never did anything,' said B.; 'he never worked, though he suffered. You must have the mind chiselling away at the features if you want handsome middle-aged men.' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true; and it is. A handsome man, who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his design."—*Ohio Farmer.*

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